Fixed him and gazed at her.
Donning his cloak in the shadowy sphere
Who is the picture to erect him—
All feeling hearts must feel for him

N. A. exhibition, April 1869
a picture by R. D. Blodgett and owned by E. B. Hubbard in the
The Coming Storm

When they bore the iron hand
Beware the people weeping now.
Beneath the iron hand
The people in their weeping
And a spell upon the land:
There is sobbing of the strange

And the blood is on their hand.
In their madness and their blindness,
For they killed him in his kindness,
And the world cried amen.
What he women call him to a
WTho in freindlessness shall do
The avenger wisely stirs
The avenger seeks his peace.
They have killed him, the Forger—
Theather in his face;
He fell in his blood.

When they bore the iron hand
Beware the people weeping now.
Beneath the iron hand
The people in their weeping
And a spell upon the land:
There is sobbing of the strange

But they killed him in his kindness,
A demon-cloud like the mountain one
Burst on a spirit as mild
As this urned lake, the home of shades,
But Shakespeare’s pensive child.

Never the lines had lightly scanned,
Steeped in fable, steeped in fate;
The Hamlet in his heart was ‘ware,
Such hearts can antedate.

No utter surprise can come to him
Who reaches Shakespeare’s core;
That which we seek and shun is there—
Man’s final lore.

\REBEL COLOR-BEARERS AT SHILOH
\plea against the vindictive cry raised by civilians shortly after the surrender at Appomattox

The color-bearers facing death
White in the whirling sulphurous wrath,
Stand boldly out before the line,
Right and left their glances go,
Proud of each other, glorying in their show;
Their battle-flags about them blow,
And fold them as in flame divine:
Such living robes are only seen
Round martyrs burning on the green—
And martyrs for the Wrong have been.

Perish their Cause! but mark the men—
Mark the planted statues, then
Draw trigger on them if you can.

The leader of a patriot-band
Even-so could view rebels who so could stand;
And this when peril pressed him sore,
Left aidless in the shivered front of war—
Skulkers behind, defiant foes before.